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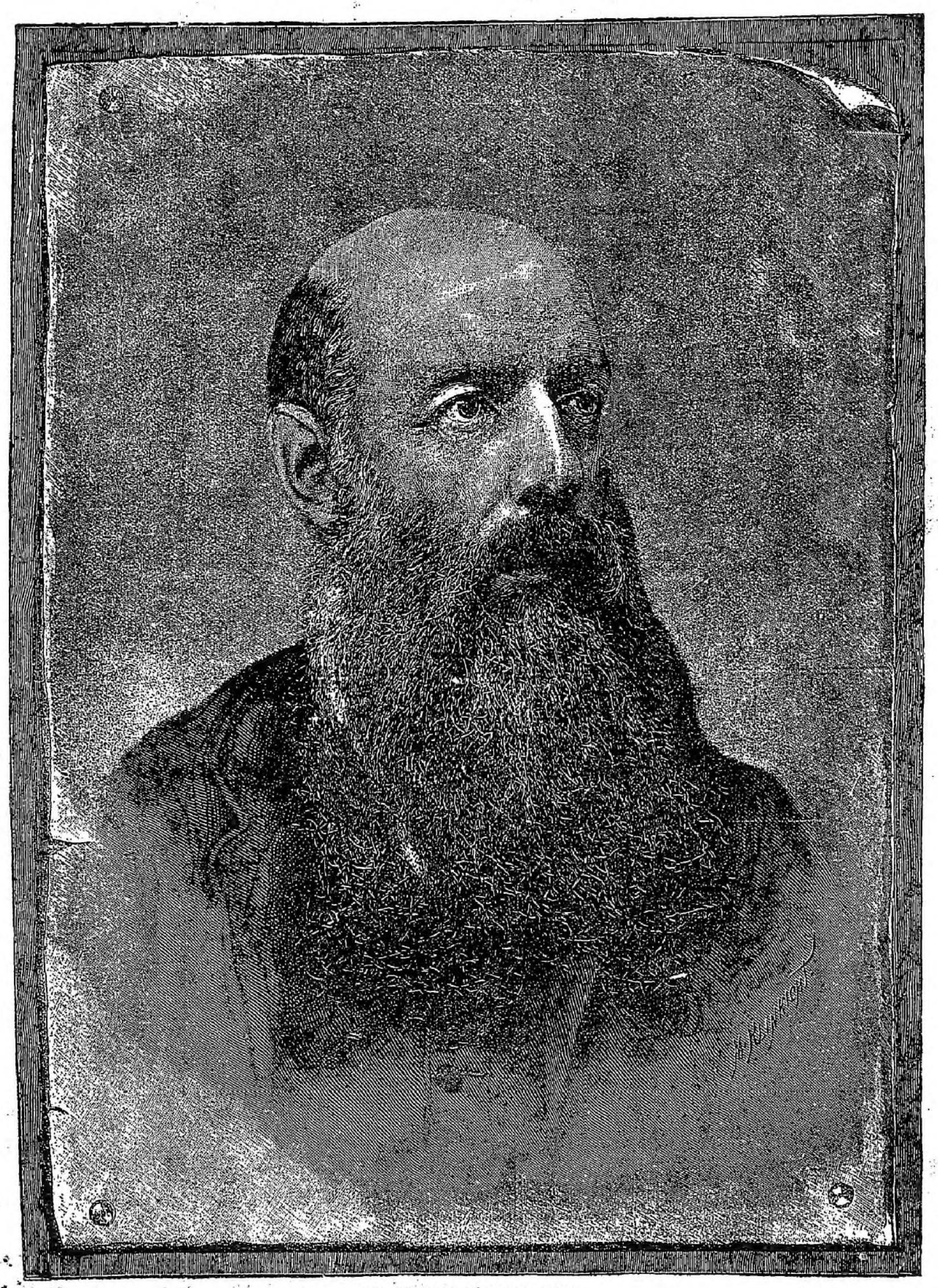


SIR WILFRED LAWSON, BART.

AUBERT GALLION QUE
W M Frazer Oct 31 91

FINISH THY WORK.

Finish thy work, the time is short;
The sun is in the west,
The night is coming on; till then,
Think not of rest.
Yes, finish all thy work, then rest;
Till then, rest never;
The rest prepared for thee by God
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,
Ungird thee from thy toil;
Take breath, and from each weary limb
Shake off the soil.
Finish thy work, then rest in peace,
Life's battle fought and won.
And so to thee thy Master's voice
Shall say, "Well done!"

WHAT THE LITTLE SILVER CROSS MEANT.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

"One might as well give up trying to be a King's Daughter in this house," said Clare Thornton to herself as she started to put the cosy sitting-room in order; "you're kept so busy there's no chance to do the one kind act a day. Here I wanted to run down this afternoon to see how poor Mrs. Brown is, and mother has to go to bed with a headache and leave me all the work to do. Well, I'll get through it in a hurry and then go. I must keep that pledge."

About an hour later Mrs. Thornton came down stairs looking very pale, and found Clare dressed for the street.

"Are you going out, daughter?" she said, with a disappointed air; "I hoped you would stay in to-day and relieve me. Besides, you have scarcely put this room in order. Suppose some one should drop in."

"I hadn't time to do any more," grumbled Clare. "I can't do everything. If any callers come, can't you take them in the parlor?"

"Is the stove there all ready for a fire?"

"Oh! no, I forgot it. I should think Daisy might do that much."

"Daisy is hardly big enough to be trusted with the parlor fire," said Mrs. Thornton, sighing. "Never mind, go on; I'll manage somehow."

"I don't know what good being a King's Daughter has done her," thought the tired mother as Clare was preparing to leave. "It seems to me that she is more selfish and thoughtless than ever." Then she dragged herself around the house and did the many things that Clare had left undone. In the meantime her daughter, with a companion whom she had appointed to meet, was wending her way toward "poor Mrs. Brown." Together they visited a few others that were on their poor list, and tea was ready when Clare returned to her home. Mrs. Thornton looked more tired than ever, but the girl was so full of her own concerns that she failed to notice her mother's appearance.

Afterward, when Clare was washing the dishes, with her sister as an auxiliary, the child said, "O Clare, won't you help me with my examples to-night? Miss Brown says if I get a little help at home, I shall be able to skip a class."

"I am going to be too busy to-night; I have some work to do," replied Clare with a decision that chased the smiles from Daisy's sweet face.

"Why, what are you going to do?"

"Well, you know Mrs. Cronin that lives down in Poverty Hollow? I'm to make a lovely toboggan cap for her little girl. You know I'm a King's Daughter now, Daisy, and I have promised to do one kind act a day. Of course, if I can do more than one, it's all the better. Wouldn't you like to be a King's Daughter, child, and wear a silver cross like mine?"

Daisy reflected for a moment. Then she said, "Does being a King's Daughter and wearing the cross mean that you've to help everybody but your own folks? Because if it does, I don't care to join."

"Why, you bad child!" exclaimed Clare, "What do you mean by that! I'm always helping my own folks, but I can't let anything interfere with my one kind act. I've solemnly vowed to do that every day."

"Well, Clare, perhaps I don't understand it, but it seems to me that it would have been a kind act for you to have stayed and helped mamma this afternoon. She was awful sick, and after you went away she was crying."

"Daisy, I don't believe you know what you are talking about, and I shan't hear any more. It's presumptuous in a little girl to be dictating to her sixteen-year-old sister."

The child was silenced but not convinced, and all evening as she sat puzzling over work that Clare could have made so easy for her, she could not help wondering what the little silver cross really meant. "At any rate," she concluded, "if it would make me neglect mamma, I don't want one."

The following week the kind lady who had organized the band of King's Daughters in the church which the Thornton's attended, said to Daisy: "Some of the little girls are going to be King's Daughters. Wouldn't you like to join them, dear?"

"No, ma'am," the child promptly answered. "Mamma isn't very well, and the children are troublesome, and it's all we can do to let Clare be a King's Daughter. Mamma could not possibly spare us both."

Mrs. Jennings looked in surprise at Daisy. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you see just at the time mamma needs Clare most she has to be off doing her one kind act. And she isn't satisfied with that; sometimes she does three or four and brings one home to do in the evening. You know it really wouldn't do for both of us to act like that."

Mrs. Jennings patted the earnest little face and decided to say no more just then on the subject. She saw that something was wrong, so made up her mind to have a talk with Clare at the first opportunity. The opportunity presented itself sooner than she expected. The very next morning a caller was announced and Clare Thornton appeared, looking very much troubled. "It's no use, Mrs. Jennings," she cried, bursting into tears, and laying down her silver cross, "I cannot be a King's Daughter."

Mrs. Jennings took Clare right into her motherly arms and said in a tone that was very soothing, "Take off your things, dear, and just show me where the trouble is. Perhaps we can make it come out all right."

"You know," sobbed Clare, as she removed her wraps, "mamma is sick in bed and I have everything to do, and the baby to take care of, and Johnnie is always wanting his clothes mended, and Daisy wants me to help her with her lessons, and —"

Here she broke down. The enumeration of these many trials was too much for poor Clare.

"Then you are not compelled to go away from home to do your kind acts," said Mrs. Jennings, gently smoothing the girl's hair; "you can keep your pledge and at the same time be doing your duty to the loved ones at home."

Clare looked up in astonishment. "Do those things count?" she asked; "those little every-day things? I thought it meant something unusual."

"Whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with your might." That's what the little silver cross says to us. We must do the nearest duty first, and then God will show us the next. Our acts of kindness are for the dear ones at home just as much as for the outside world. We musn't neglect our home duties, Clare. Don't you think your mother required your attention the other day more than the sick persons on whom you called? The other girls have been attending to them. And the toboggan cap you made was very pretty, but I am afraid that your little sisters and brother needed your help more than Mrs. Cronin's child needed the pretty cap."

"O Mrs. Jennings!" cried Care, and her face brightened wonderfully; "what an awful mistake I have been making. But I feel so much happier now that I understand what to do. I see that I can be a King's Daughter, after all, even though home duties occupy my whole time."

From that morning Daisy marvelled at the change in her sister. "She's the right kind of a King's Daughter," the child decided as she saw Clare patiently taking upon herself the many household duties. And Mrs. Thornton from her bed on the lounge, to which she was carried in the daytime, watched Clare thoughtfully and felt that she had reason to thank God that he had given her such a daughter. *Christian Intelligencer*

THE PATIENT TEACHER.

BY THOMAS HEATH, PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

It is necessary in the Sunday-school that the superintendent and teachers should exercise a good amount of patience. The hasty superintendent and teacher will often be in trouble. There are many tempers to contend with in the Sunday-school. We need to pray that the Lord may give us patience and wisdom to carry out our duties in a Christian-like manner in the Sunday-school—that our conduct may be in unison with what we teach. But bear in mind, dear fellow-superintendents and teachers, that in all things we must seek the welfare of the school, both in points of discipline, authority, and the spiritual advancement of the Sunday-school. We need the Lord to help us in order to be enabled to be successful in the work. This work is very different from any secular calling, and therefore demands a vastly different consideration and treatment.—*S. S. World.*

A STARTING POINT.

Teachers should get down to the level of the scholar's knowledge, and then build upward. Too often they instruct from their high stand point, and what they say fails to be understood. There ought, in order to success, to be a common starting point of intelligence. To find out the degree of knowledge possessed by the pupil, ply him with questions, and see what he knows. Then add to his stock of information. Thus advance from Sabbath to Sabbath, and he will come up to that measure of intelligence which will make your teaching more pleasant and helpful. It may be discouraging work for a while, but it will pay in the end, and better accomplish the end you have in view—a well-informed and saved class.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

BIBLES NOT DODGERS.

A little boy, familiar with shows and the world's ways, joined a mission school. After a little he asked the superintendent for a Bible. "Why do you wish one?" he was questioned. "I want it to read my lesson." "You have your lesson there," pointing to the scholar's leaf in his hand. "Yes, but I don't like to read my lesson off a dodger." Beloved, do the children under your instruction read their lessons from Bibles or dodgers?—*The Illustrator.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 11, 1891.

CHRIST FORETELLING HIS DEATH.

John 12:20-36.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 35, 36.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 11:45-57.—Christ's Death Determined Upon.
T. John 12:1-9.—Christ Honored.
W. Luke 19:37-48.—Christ's Compassion and Power.
Th. John 12:20-36.—Christ Foretelling his Death.
F. John 12:37-50.—Christ Rejected.
S. Heb. 1:1-14.—Christ Above Angels.
S. Heb. 2:1-18.—Christ Made Perfect Through Suffering.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Must Die to Bear Fruit. vs. 20-24.
II. Must Lose to Save. vs. 25-29.
III. Must be Lifted Up to Draw Up. vs. 30-36.

TIME.—A.D. 30. Tuesday, April 4, the last day of Christ's public ministry; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in the court of the temple.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 20. *Certain Greeks*—Gentile proselytes to the Jewish faith. V. 23. *The hour is come*—the hour of his death as leading to that of his glory. V. 24. *Abideth alone*—remains a single seed. As the seed dies to bear a harvest, so Christ dies that saved souls may be gathered into the heavenly garner. Heb. 12:2; Eph. 1:20-23. V. 26. *Shall also my servant be*—with me first in suffering, and then in glory. Rom. 8:17. V. 27. *Father, save me*—words akin to "Let this cup," etc. Matt. 26:39. V. 28. *I have*—in my testimony to Jesus as the Messiah. *And will*—In his death, resurrection and ascension, and the results. V. 31. *The judgment*—the "crisis" which shall determine who shall rule the world—Christ, its rightful king, or *the prince of the world*, Satan. *Cast out*—conquered by the gospel. V. 32. *Lifted up*—on the cross. *All men*—of every class and clime; Gentiles as well as Jews. V. 34. *The law*—the Scriptures. Ps. 72:8, 9; Isa. 9:7, Dan. 7:14. *Abideth for ever*—they could not accept the idea of a suffering, dying Christ. *Who is this Son of man?*—a scornful rejection of Jesus as the Messiah.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. MUST DIE TO BEAR FRUIT, vs. 20-24.—Who came to worship at the feast? What did they say to Philip? Whom did Philip tell of their wish? What did Philip and Andrew do? What did Jesus say to them? How is he glorified? How did he illustrate the necessity of his death? How in the seed does life come out of death? How does this apply to Christ?

II. MUST LOSE TO SAVE, vs. 25-29.—How may we secure eternal life? How must we serve Christ? How will his followers be rewarded? What did Jesus say of himself? What prayer did he offer? What answer did he receive? What did he say of this answer? What further did he say?

III. MUST BE LIFTED UP TO DRAW UP, vs. 30-36.—What did Jesus predict about himself? How will he draw all men unto him? What did the people say? What did Jesus reply? What did he then do?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That the death of Christ is the life of the world.
2. That we must be willing to give up all for Christ.
3. That God will reward and honor those who serve and honor Christ.
4. That if we neglect our spiritual privileges they may be taken from us.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did certain Greeks say to Philip? Ans. Sir, we would see Jesus.
2. What did Jesus say of himself? Ans. The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified.
3. What did he promise his servants? Ans. If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.
4. What did he predict concerning himself? Ans. I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 18, 1891.

WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET.

John 13:1-17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."—Phil. 2:5.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 22:1-20.—The Last Supper.
T. John 13:1-17.—Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet.
W. Matt. 20:20-28.—Christ an Example of Humility.
Th. Rom. 15:1-14.—Christ Pleased not Himself.
F. 2 Cor. 8:1-12.—Christ Becoming Poor for Us.
S. 1 Pet. 5:1-11.—Be Clothed with Humility.
S. Rom. 12:1-16.—Mind Not High Things.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Christ with the Basin. vs. 1-5.
II. Christ and Peter. vs. 6-11.
III. Christ and the Disciples. vs. 12-17.

TIME.—A.D. 30, Thursday evening, April 6, at the Passover feast; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 2. *Supper being ended*—"During supper." *Having now*—Luke 22:3-6. V. 3. *Jesus knowing*—though he knew that he was the Lord of the Universe, he stooped to do the work of a slave. V. 7. *Thou shalt know hereafter*—what is dark in God's dealings with us shall all be made clear. V. 8. *If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me*—submission to Christ is the first condition of discipleship. This washing was also symbolic of spiritual cleansing. V. 10. *He that is washed*—a man who has bathed does not need to bathe again, but only to wash the dust off his feet. So the believer who has been forgiven and renewed needs only to have his daily sins cleansed. V. 14. *Ye also ought*—you should be willing to serve one another in humble acts of kindness.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. CHRIST WITH THE BASIN, vs. 1-5.—What is said of Jesus' love? Who are meant by *his own*? How did he show his love for them? How has he shown his love for us? What had the devil influenced Judas to do? What did Jesus know? Why are these things mentioned here? What did Jesus do at supper? By whom was this service usually performed?

II. CHRIST AND PETER, vs. 6-11.—What did Peter ask? What did Jesus reply? Meaning of this reply? What did Peter then say? How did Jesus answer him? How does this apply to us all? What effect had this on Peter? What did Jesus say to him? To whom did he refer?

III. CHRIST AND THE DISCIPLES, vs. 12-17.—What did Jesus then do? How did he explain what he had done? What did he say of his relation to his disciples? What example had he given them? What did his example teach them? What would make them happy?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That Jesus loves us with an unchanging love.
2. That his condescension is equalled only by his love.
3. That things now dark will be explained hereafter.
4. That unless we are cleansed from sin we have no part in Christ's salvation.
5. That we should be ready to do the humblest service for one another.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What were Jesus and his apostles about to do? Ans. They had come together to celebrate the Passover.
2. What did Jesus know? Ans. He knew that his hour had come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father.
3. What is said of his love? Ans. Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end.
4. What did Jesus do at supper? Ans. He girded himself with a towel, and washed his disciples' feet.
5. What did he say to his disciples? Ans. I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A YOUTHFUL COOK'S SOLILOQUY.

When sister Sue was married,
Not quite three years ago,
She couldn't make a single thing,
Nor boil, nor bake, nor stew.

She looked like any angel,
In her pretty wedding dress;
And Fred looked gay and happy,
And felt so too, I guess.

But when they went to keeping house,
And Bridget ran away,
She couldn't get a breakfast,
And Fred looked glum all day.

Their pretty home with gloom was filled,
She cried till her nose was red,
And all the things she tried to cook
Were fit for pigs, she said.

So things went on from bad to worse,
Till Charity Jones came in
And stayed and showed her day by day
How and where to begin.

And all Fred's smiles came quickly back,
And all his pleasant ways;
And Sue can cook like mother now,
Whether Bridget goes or stays.

But one thing sure I'll settle at once—
I will never risk such a chance:
I'll learn to bake, and broil, and stew,
And everything else in advance.

I'll make some cookies this very day,
And a merry tune I'll hum:
And if Jimmie don't flatter the others girls
May be I'll give him some.

—*Selected.*

INDOOR AMUSEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

The woodbox will afford one if it is full of sticks, split and round, of different kinds of wood. Let the little folks take out the sticks, one by one, and bring them to you to name. Oilnut, oak, maple, birch, beach, elm, hemlock, and ash wood may be in that pile in the box, and even the little six-year-old can easily be taught to detect and correctly name some of the varieties. The smooth, mottled bark of the beach, the ragged shreds of the yellow and grey birch, and the color and crystal beads of pitch gum of the pine and hemlock when in round sticks. Sections of limbs are sure guides of their kind, and easy to name, but not so always when the wood is in split sticks, without a telltale half-inch of bark surface.

Perhaps you cannot tell a chip of maple wood from one of elm or beach. If so, you can study the contents of the wood-box and chip basket with your children. Tell them elm wood and sound rock maple and oak wood, whether in split or round sticks, seldom snap when burning, and are comparatively safe for night fires in open, deep fireplaces. Tell them if they want to burn big holes in mamma's carpet and rugs to lay butternut and poplar and soft-wood pine, cedar or hemlock on the open fire and then let the sticks pop live coals right and left, as well as straight ahead from the grate.

Tell them an old nurse, many years ago, burned a house and several poor people in it one night because she could not tell one kind of wood from another. She rolled a great back-log of butternut wood on to the andirons of the big fireplace one evening for a night fire to keep warm a little new baby and its mother, believing the log was of elm wood, and when they were all asleep a live coal snapped out and burned and smouldered away in the floor till it blazed into fierce, lapping flames that roared and rushed so terribly swift, all the people up stairs were burned in their beds.

I once saw a woman camp down one night, on a thick cotton comfortable spread before an open grate, while watching with a sick child. She knew so little about wood she thought one kind was as safe as another, and did not think the poplar sticks she had just laid on the fire would snap and throw coals, but they did, and if the child had not roused with the dense smudge of burning cotton, no doubt the smouldering puff would soon have blazed and done terrible mischief.

I know a little boy who has a boxful of sections of different woods. He is always on the lookout for a new specimen and has a bit of every kind of tree or shrub he can find in his father's fields and woods. When visitors come, he delights in showing them his collection of woods, and in having them puzzle over the pretty cubes and cylinders of wood, and if they mistake a kind he is quick to know it.

This indoor study of chips and wood brought in to replenish winter fires will amuse the children when time hangs heavy, and by close notice of bark and fibre and grain and smell and color and silvering of wood they will soon learn to detect the common kinds from each other, and, perhaps, wake to such an interest in the study, that when summer time again comes, they will commence a collection of native woods, and the green, growing trees and shrubs will bear to them new, keen interest.

Some day, when the drifting, packing snow banks the window ledges, and the children are shut indoors, restless and miserable with nothing that interests to occupy their thoughts and hands, and every nerve in your much enduring frame seems ready to unstring with the noise of whining, fretful, clamoring little voices, bring in from the shed—where you stored it last fall for just such an occasion—the long, round-bottomed little trough that wind or a leaky knot-hole has disabled from present use as a gutter under the eaves of the barn roof. The slender spout reaches nearly across the room. You elevate both ends, one much higher than the other, to give a steep slant to the trough. Then you start your eager, watching little folks on the new, delightful task of rolling balls, marbles, beans and buttons, and shooting boots, books, toys, anything that they can lawfully seize upon to roll and shoot and slide and trundle down the long sluice-way of the old gutter spout.

Great fun they think it to hear the rattling beans or sliding shuttle of some big rubber boot go clattering and thumping and bumping into the basket or pail placed under the nose of the spout to catch all such down-coming freight, and then to clear the pail and scamper again to the head of the gangway to take turns in starting off another cargo of mixed merchandise.

You can count on uninterrupted hours, perhaps till bed time, for nothing amuses the children so completely as "something that will go," and go it will, the rolling, shooting freight they start on the down grade track of the old eaves-gutter.

A bag of dried pumpkin seeds holds resources of solid enjoyment for the little people who are experts in stringing buttons and beads, and can count. The forehanded, good man of our house and fields always dries and stores away many more such seeds than he possibly can use in planting time, and he knows it, so he makes no complaint when the children have a saucer of pumpkin seeds about, of which they are making mats and baskets. The oddest table mat I ever saw was made of a circle of paste board covered and bound with stout, bright flannel, and on the flannel were sewed scores, yes, hundreds of small, white, earthen buttons arranged in circles about the outer edge of the cardboard, and within in wild confusion. Next in oddness is one of pumpkin seeds, and children in the home, of both first and second childhood, enjoy making both mats.

To make a mat of pumpkin seeds, string at their points, on stout linen thread, nineteen seeds resting on their sides; draw snugly into a circle and fasten and break thread. Between each of these nineteen bases, string the points of two seeds. Again draw into a circle, and tie thread. Between each of these nineteen pairs of bases string at their points three seeds; draw close and secure thread as before.

So far, mat and basket of pumpkin seeds are made alike. If the work is for a mat, continue increasing one seed to those strung at their points and placed between the bases of each succeeding circle. If you find the mat is rustling, getting fulness too fast, omit increasing the number of seeds strung at points for a row or more, to insure a smooth, flat mat. Finish outer row with a stout thread run through bases of pumpkin seeds, and then wind the edge with a bright ribbon passed over and between the groups of seeds.

A pumpkin seed basket is made by continuing stringing seeds in triplets between bases of each preceding row till three rows are made besides the row of double seeds placed between the bases of the nineteen seeds of the first circle. This forms a flat base for basket with rounded sides.

A pretty bail is made by stringing on two wires, face to face, thirty-eight seeds; wires to run through bases and points, alternately, till a flat web is made the width of a pumpkin's seed length. Fasten ends of bail wires to opposite edges of basket and then wind between each pair of seeds on edges of handle—the windings not to come opposite—with narrow ribbon. Finish the basket with pretty ribbon knots placed over the points where the handle is fastened to the basket.

In that bright, glad time of "when I was a little child," we built ingenious houses and laid out famous grounds with acorn cups and saucers, from which I think we derived more pleasure than children nowadays can from their patented, smartly painted building blocks. Acorn cups standing on their bases was our building material; the soft, warm hearth rug before the dining-room's open fire, as near as possible to mother's rocker, was our field of quiet enjoyment.

We grouped the acorns in a big square for the outer walls of the ground floor of our house, then filled in partition walls, leaving loop-holes for doors to our double parlors and cosy kitchen and bedrooms, with narrow walls between two long acorn rows for halls and corridors. Similar long, winding lanes led to our capacious barns and outbuildings, with cunning gateways opening into farm yards and outer fields. They were made of little cedar posts that would stand upright on their smoothly whittled bases, with lengths of tough rye straw for bars that needed continual letting down and putting up that the cattle might pass.

Watering troughs we had along every driveway and fence and wall. Flat-bottomed acorn saucers they were, filled with water. And our cattle? Well, they were queer little blocks of cedar, with rounded heads and rumps, and four fat legs that were as uneven as the stanchions of broken-headed darning needles stuck in the floor, to which our cattle were tethered by means of a cotton thread looped round their chunky necks.

We then thought that it was the happy game, the cosy fire, the warm, bright sunshine flecking the carpet that made the room so sunny and pleasant and our play and life so rich with happiness, but we know now, after all these long years, that it was mother's presence, our nearness to her, and our safe trust in her for everything that made our child life so full of comfort and sunshine.—*Clarissa Potter in Good Housekeeping.*

A GOOD IDEA.

It is stated that the highest marriage rate for women is among trained nurses. The *Canada Health Journal* commenting on this fact expresses the opinion that trained cooks would take the precedent if institutions similar to the schools for training nurses could be established in which should be taught with corresponding thoroughness the science of preparing food in an attractive, healthful, and economical manner. At present the culinary affairs are left almost entirely in the hands of ignorant, wasteful servants, and the results are deplorable from every point of view, emphatically so from the standpoint of health.

Undoubtedly this suggestion will sooner or later be carried into effect, thus establishing another profitable and desirable profession for women. The popularity of cooking classes has opened the way for something more substantial to follow,—a regular institute where thorough knowledge can be had of the art as applied to health.

Imagine what it would mean to many a woman the care of whose servants is now wearing her out, if she could secure a competent, intelligent person trained to it as an honorable profession, who would relieve her mind of this weary burden and know how to furnish the table with wholesome, appetizing food. Once established such schools would prove as indispensable as are the training schools of nurses at the present time, and for the very excellent reason given by the exchange referred to:

"Were good, wholesome cookery universally practised there would soon be an enormous reduction in the sickness rate, with a vast increase in comfort and pleasure. We do not mean schools for teaching the preparation of fancy compound dishes, but plain, nutritious food. Not only is the bad cookery now common a prolific cause of disease, but it is most destructive and wasteful of the nutritious properties of food.

"In England there are a number of training schools of cookery. At South Kensington, London, there is one which has a world-wide reputation. It was the outgrowth of the London International Exhibition of 1873, a division of the exhibition having been devoted to food and its preparations. Ladies, young and old, many of whom are representatives of nobility, meet there not only to study, but to learn by actual practice the preparation of soups, meats, and dishes of all sorts, which shall render appetizing and healthful the future dinners of the people, rich and poor."—*Laws of Life.*

NEATNESS IN GIRLS.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.

RECIPES.

LEMON SAUCE.—Six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, beaten until smooth.

SARDINES.—Open the box carefully with a can opener, remove the lid and set the box on a china plate, providing a silver fork to serve them with.

TO PUT UP FURS in the simplest and most practical way it is only necessary to beat them thoroughly to dislodge any concealed moth worms, and examine them carefully for deposits of eggs. Then wrap them in tissue paper, afterward in newspaper and then tie the various parcels up in a bag made of thick muslin or linen.

PUZZLES NO. 18.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A weapon David wielded in the fight
With skilful ease?
What blows away, it is so small and light,
Before the breeze?
What creature scorns the horse, and wins the race
Across the sand?
What did the lordly king of Egypt place
On Joseph's hand?
That which the Saviour bade a weary crew
Let down once more?
A most tempestuous wind that rose, and blew
A ship ashore?
What blessing waited for a prophet's call
In Ahab's days;
It was withheld to punish him for all
His wicked ways?

Initials tell who must be driven forth,
If strife would cease;
Contention dwells with him, and pride and wrath,
But never peace.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

1. Vessels of any sort under the sun.
2. To snatch away, or a kind of gun.
3. Later in time, or behind in place;
   The name of a song of sweetness and grace.
4. Troublesome insects, agile and fleet.
5. Concise and elegant, polished and neat.

BURIED CITIES.

(Three in each sentence.)

1. Last Monday, Tony and Isaac were over in Macon cording up some goods when Tony got a bang or a blow from one of the workmen.
2. Tell Carlos we got in Bert Royal's waggon through a prolific, level, and well cultivated piece of land.
3. The nomad is on the hill, and he told Tom a happy life is that of a wanderer and is a congenial one to him.
4. Esau burns the brush, Nebo stones eats, while Low is to nail down the carpet.
5. The pearl Al saw in Peru he has talked so much about I can almost see, myself, from earnest listening.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

A Highland clan, a Scottish king,
A tale fictitious you may find,
Within a town whose name doth bring
A famous violin to mind.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 17.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.—Abraham and Rebekah.—Gen. xii. 4, 5; xxiv. 67.

A biatha R	1 Sam. xxii. 22, 23.
B ernic E	Acts xxv. 23.
R aha B	Joshua ii. 16-21.
A bilen E	Luke iii. 1-4.
H abbaku K	Hab. iii. 17, 18.
A si A	Acts xvi. 6-10.
M anasse H	2 Chron. xxxiii. 9; 2 Kings xxi. 11, 12.

SCRIPTURE QUESTION.—See Num. xxxvi—ii.

CHARADE.—Sail-or.

RIDDLE.—S.

The Family Circle.

AM I A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

REVISED VERSION.

Am I a soldier of the cross?
I'm sure I hardly know;
I like to shuffle cards and "trip
The light fantastic toe."

Then of the horse race I am fond,
And almost every game,
Some preachers are, and deacons, too;
So I need feel no shame.

I go to church and Sunday school
And bow the suppliant knee,
But when a play is on the board
I like to go and see.

Of course, some shows are not the thing:
Some actors go astray.
But when that kind is advertised
I always stay away.

I know some can't discriminate
Between the wrong and right
But why should I o'er think of them?
God cares for those not bright.

'Tis said Paul would not do these things
Nor to such places go.
But he was 'way behind the times
And always rather slow.

Had he been cultured as are we,
What might he not have done?
At any rate, with greater ease
He might the race have run.

Must I be carried to the skies
On beds of fluffy down?
I must, or I shall never want
To leave this lovely town.

Are there no foes for me to face?
Yes,—conscience,—when awake.
And then there are the Scriptures, too;
These sometimes make me quake.

Well, I must fight if I would reign;
True soldiers never run.
I'll send my invitations out
And drown my fears in fun.

Am I a soldier of the cross?
I truly hope I am.
If there's one thing I really hate,
Believe me 'tis a sham.

—*The Advance.*

BUSINESS BOYS.

(By Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.)

The talk I propose to give is addressed to boys who are about to leave school and enter the shop, office, or counting-room, the warehouse or factory. In whatever department of trade or business you have found your niche, if you are a business boy, I have a word for you.

Hitherto, having been at school or at home, you have been under the care and protection of your parents and teachers. Your daily routine has been marked for you, and you have been held responsible only for good lessons and good conduct. You have had a great deal more leisure, much more time to play, and many more holidays than you can expect to have hereafter. For every business boy is the making of a business man, and business men, as you know have to give their minds and their whole strength to their work. In no other way can they expect to succeed. From the time when the Wise Man wrote, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings," until the present day, there is no royal road to success. A business boy must give himself to his work. A business boy, though under orders to his employer, must to a degree look out for and control himself.

In few business establishments, however earnest might be the desire of the employer to reform a sullen or trifling or useless lad, would it be possible long to retain one who was idle or disobedient. After a trial or two the lad who was influencing others in a wrong direction, and arresting the orderly progress of the general business, would find himself dismissed. It is expected, you see, that a business boy shall be manly. He must put away the childishness which interferes with his right and steady performance of duty.

One of the first principles underlying success in business is thorough honesty. Your employer buys your time; the hours, therefore, for which he pays do not belong any longer to you, but to him. If, therefore, you are due at the office at six or seven or eight o'clock, you owe it to the man or the house employing you to be at your post on time precisely. It is better to be ten or fifteen minutes too early than even one minute too late.

You owe your employer attention; your mind must not be wool-gathering while you have work to do, but you should devote the whole strength of your powers to doing whatever you are set to do in the very best way. Sent on an errand, do not loiter; intrusted with a message, deliver it promptly and precisely as it was given to you; charged with carrying a package, despatched to the post-office or the bank, go straight as an arrow from the bow to the place indicated, and return as promptly.

"Because thou hast been faithful in a few things," said the ruler in the parable to the man with ten talents, "I will make thee ruler over many things."

The faithful, attentive, apt boy will never stay long at the bottom of the ladder.

About money let me give you a caution. Never, even for five minutes, cheat yourself into the notion that any one else's money belongs to you. Never borrow without leave any sum, from a penny to a thousand dollars. Gloss it over as you may, such borrowing is theft. The boy or man who takes what does not belong to him is a thief. He may never be discovered, but whether or not his dishonesty is revealed, he is a thief, and he knows it, and God knows it.

Cultivate in yourself a nice sense of honor. Not a grape on the myriad clusters heaped up before the grocer's door, not a candy on the confectioner's counter, not an apple or a peach on the table in the house where you happen to be stopping, belongs to you, unless you can buy and pay for it, or unless it is bestowed upon you as a gift. Be above pilfering; to steal the smallest trifle is morally as wrong as to embezzle thousands of dollars.

It is no disgrace to a boy to wear an old patched coat, clumsy shoes, trousers baggy at the knees, a battered hat. It is in some circumstances a great honor for him to appear in the garb of poverty, especially when his earnings are given to help an ailing father or a widowed mother, or to drive the wolf from the door of some aged relative. The real disgrace is in dressing or living beyond one's means, and so rushing into temptation and incurring debt.

May I say a word about your earnings? They will not be very large at first, because while you are inexperienced, and only learning the first steps in business, your services are not very valuable. In fact, the opportunity to learn is in itself a part of your payment, and in many cases a boy may well be content to work without salary for several years if he can thereby be taught his chosen business in a desirable establishment.

Make up your mind not to spend all you earn. If you are living at home with your parents, and are not required to pay anything for your board, perhaps not allowed to contribute to the cost of your clothing, you should be able to save a good sum every year. Where, as often is the case, a boy is expected mainly to clothe himself, perhaps to help toward family expenses, he can, of course, save less; but if he sees the importance of thrift, he will put something by. It is a good plan to go to a savings-bank, make a deposit, have a book of your own, and from time to time, regularly if possible, add to the little fund, which will be gathering interest as the months roll by. In time you may have enough to be of great assistance to you when the time comes for investing some portion of the little capital.

The bank-book will keep you from much useless spending, for the money itself will be out of your hands, and safely locked up where it cannot burn a hole in your pocket. Immense amounts are wasted in trifles by boys who smoke cigarettes to the detriment of their health and growth, who eat peanuts and chew gum, buy tawdry papers and trashy books, and spend money in silly amusements.

If you are, as I hope, a sensible fellow, either living in a boarding-house (a very lonely life, too, for a boy of your age, which, I take it, is between fourteen and eighteen), or living at home, you will attach yourself regularly to some church and Sunday-school. Companionship, recreation, congenial friends, will thus be insured to you; in the pastor and superintendent you will find advisers in whom you may confide, and whose counsel will be worth your listening to, if you ever are in need of help. A word of recommendation from the clergyman whose church a lad attends, or from the Sunday-school superintendent or teacher who takes a personal interest in his welfare, is usually taken as a certificate of character—a voucher for the boy's respectability, good morals, and general trustworthiness. In connection, too, with church life and work, there are usually sociables, entertainments, and helpful clubs, which afford in the business boy's crowded life the diversion and recreation he needs. I cannot speak too strongly on this point. Attached to a church a boy is anchored. He is not in danger of being set adrift, without rudder or pilot, on the sea that is fatal to so many barks.

If there is a Young Men's Christian Association in your town, I would urge your availing yourself, so far as you can, of its privileges. At a small monthly, quarterly, or yearly cost, a boy may secure the freedom here of ample parlors, well warmed and lighted, of gymnasiums equipped with everything necessary for physical exercises, and of a well-stocked reading-room and library. Classes for instruction in science, art, and languages are provided with the best appliances, and taught by accomplished tutors and professors, so that at the Young Men's Christian Association a boy's evenings may be spent in solid profit, as well as in sparkling pleasure.

Amusement and diversion you of course must have, but seek them in the right way, in good places, in good company.

As a rule, the boy in business must not expect very rapid promotion. He must climb, and often climb slowly. He does not come in contact with the heads of the great house where he works, and his very name may be unknown to them; but he must not forget that his place and the work that he has to do are important. One flaw in the ship's timber, and the fatal leak may spring, to the destruction of the vessel with all on board. In the carrying forward of great business enterprises, it is important that everybody, from the merchant himself to the lowest of the errand-boys, should fulfil his part honorably and thoroughly.

In speaking of saving some portion of your earnings, I do not want to omit reminding you of the duty of giving a part of them away. Every honest and conscientious person should regard himself as placed in trust of whatever he earns, bound to spend and to save as in the sight of God. Determine the amount you ought to set aside for the collection box, for charity, for the helping on of the Kingdom of Heaven. Having resolved on the sum, whether it be a penny a week, two cents, or five, or ever so much more, set that amount religiously aside. It is the Lord's money now, not your own. It is the willing heart which pleases God, and surely when he bestows on us so much, we are churls if we refrain from returning our gifts to him. But never make a parade of your self-denial, and do not fancy that it entitles you to any special praise or credit. "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth" is the Bible rule about almsgiving.

A business boy should cultivate a genial and agreeable manner, at once obliging and deferential. Nothing is more unfortunate than a boorish or bearish or surly manner in business.

Let me illustrate. I am not especially unamiable, but the other day, wanting to buy a portiere for a certain doorway in my home, I visited a shop where such articles were displayed in abundance. You will think it strange, but I absolutely could not make a selection in that establishment, where fabric and color and price were in wildest variety, because of the manner of the salesman. This young gentleman absolutely antagonized me by his lofty patronage. He began by informing me that I did not know what I wanted, scoffed at my taste, insinuated that I could not afford anything costly, and altogether made himself so insufferable that I left the place without becoming a purchaser. A half-hour later, in another shop, I bought not only the article of which I had been in search, but several others which I had not then intended to procure. In the second instance, the clerk was kind, polite, and respectful, leaving to his customer also the right of private judgment.

"Can you sell goods?" asked a merchant one day of a young man who had applied for a vacancy in one of his rooms.

"Certainly, sir; I can sell goods to anybody who wants to buy."

"No doubt. But that is not the question. Can you sell goods to people who are rather indifferent in the matter, to people who do not want to buy? There is the test," said the man of affairs.

As a business boy you should write a fair, legible hand, easily read, bold and free from useless flourishes, and you should be able to add up accounts quickly and exactly; also to write a brief, courteous business letter. Likewise you should take care of your dress. Let it be clean and whole, well brushed, and free from grease and other spots. Nicely brushed hair, clean hands and finger-nails, politeness in speaking to those above you, alertness in obeying a call or an order, are all worth thinking about, if you mean to be in the line of promotion.

In truth, dear boy, there are no trifles beneath our notice, if we mean to get on in life. Merchants sometimes select boys for their service or reject them because of something which the boys never meant for their inspection. The oath which leaped thoughtlessly from the lips of the boy who had picked up the vulgar and wicked habit of profanity in the streets may have lost him the good position for which he longed, and changed the tenor of his whole life. No gentleman swears, and many gentlemen utterly refuse to have around them boys who prove themselves cads by their habit of swearing.

A boy once gained a good situation through his careful way of handling money when it was given him in change.

"See there!" said an elderly man, seated near the ferry gates, "that lad folds up his money, and puts it quickly yet carefully into his purse. That is the boy I've been looking for to go into my office."

A distinguished American, in addressing the graduates of a certain college gave them this advice: Stick, dig, save. Of saving I have already spoken. Let me speak of sticking fast. It is a mistake to change one's place of business lightly or frequently, laying you open to an imputation of fickleness or vacillation, making people shy of employing you in any capacity. A rolling stone gathers no moss, says the familiar adage. Stay where you are and do the best you can, is the motto dictated by common-sense. Do not be afraid of work, nor envious of somebody whose work is lighter than your own. Work as if the business belonged to you, and consider your employer's interests as if they were yours. Be faithful, for fidelity is worth its weight in gold.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

In a commercial country great power is vested in business men. But business men must lay the foundations of their honorable success by being thorough and diligent, honest and prompt, polite and well-bred, while they are yet business boys.

OLD SAIL CLOTHS are used extensively for the Oxford Bibles. There are huge piles of the old material gathered into the Bible warehouse, after battling with breezes in all the seas under heaven. They come in to be torn to shreds and beaten into pulp and bleached, drawn out into beautiful white sheets, to be presently printed on, and wafted off again to the ends of the earth—a curious metamorphosis.

THE DEPARTMENT for promotion of social purity of the W. C. T. U., of which Miss Frances E. Willard is national superintendent, has now forty-seven state superintendents in as many states and territories. The interest in this department has greatly increased during the past year. Hundreds of local superintendents are at work distributing the pledges and literature of the department, of which tens of thousands of pages are being annually sent out from Miss Willard's office at Evanston, and from the publishing house.

ISAAC PITMAN.

When you glance at the portrait of the inventor of phonography you feel inclined to say, "Here is a man who has lived to some purpose." The head and face show ability, earnestness, strength of purpose, and a strong will. He is as much the autocrat of the Phonetic Institute, Bath, as General Booth is of the Salvation Army. His life is a record of diligence and hard work in the furtherance of the main business of his life, the popularizing of phonography. In this he has been successful. His last address to the readers of the *Phonetic Journal*, which has now entered upon its 50th year, testified that his system was then taught over Great Britain in 1,260 colleges, schools, and institutions. There were about 44,000 people alone receiving professional instruction last year, besides private students! More than a million and a half have been sold of his *Phonographic Teacher*, which still goes at the rate of about 150,000 copies a year. The majority of journalistic reporters write his system; in offices its use is well nigh universal, while the Secretary of the Midland Railway reported the other day that Pitman's system was exclusively used and taught by the Company.

Though much of his work is now delegated to others, at the busiest part of his career a visitor thought the head of the phonetic establishment at Bath the most diligent and hard-working man he knew. His immense correspondence was got through by replying in phonography. His printing office was as strictly conducted as a school. Everything was in perfect order.

In appearance, Pitman is tall, spare and muscular, with bright eyes, a keen face, and rapid movements. He seemed at that time to live in and for his work, going to bed early, and rising early. What are we to think of a gentleman who is at his desk at 6 a.m., and finishes off at 10 p.m., with three hours for meals and exercise; who sees little company, dines mostly at home, and when he is taking recreation will scamper over miles of country. He is very abstemious; wine, beer, and spirits are never tasted; neither are fish, flesh, or fowl. Thereby hangs a tale. What caused him to adopt vegetarianism was this. The lad at home who had been ordered to kill a fowl one day declined to do so, as it was his pet that was doomed to the pot. Young Pitman was asked to assist. He aimed a blow with a hatchet at the fowl's neck, on the block, and did it so badly that the bird with half-severed head flew about the yard. This led Pitman to ask himself whether flesh food was really necessary. He decided that it was not, became a confirmed vegetarian, and has confessed that he could not have done an equal amount of mental and physical work on a mixed diet. But a vegetarian diet which includes eggs, milk, and butter, is not so bad after all.

One would think that a laborious week such as we have indicated would have been sufficient for even a man of Pitman's energy. But no; it was not unusual at one time for Pitman to preach twice each Sunday in a little chapel near Bath. In case any one should say, well, it was all for his own interest he was so, we find that for many years he earned but the merest pittance, and often spent his profits in the dissemination of a knowledge of his system.

Isaac Pitman was born at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, January 4th, 1813, being the third child in a family of eleven. His father was for many years a clerk and overseer in a factory at Trowbridge, and Superintendent in the poet Crabbe's Sunday-school, where many of his children were teachers.

Young Isaac was at first a junior clerk in the factory with which his father was connected; a thoughtful, studious lad, who in his leisure mastered Lennie's grammar, Addison's works, the Iliad, and many another classic. Anything that pleased him very much in his reading would be jotted down in two little pocket albums. It was the study of Walker's dictionary, which he read through for the sake of extending his knowledge of words, and their correct pronunciation, which determined the literary bent of his life. In 1829 he studied Harding's edition of Taylor's system of shorthand, the line in which he was to work a revolution. He gave up his clerkship in 1831, and after some preliminary training as a teacher, settled at Barton-on-Humber School in the following year, with a salary of $70 a year, and 120 boys. Here he remained till 1836, when he removed to Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, but had soon to throw up his situation, because he had joined the New Church. Next he settled in Bath, and conducted a school there till 1843. Whilst at Wotton, Pitman had been dissatisfied with the high-priced volumes which taught shorthand; he desired to popularize it, so that his boys and any lad in the kingdom might learn it. So he prepared his *Stenographic Sound Hand*, which was issued by Bagster in 1837, the precursor of the 150 and more books which he has issued up to this time.

Henceforward his career is a history of the gradual spread of his system of phonography, the opening of a house in London for the sale of his publications, and the founding, and gradual growth of the Phonetic Institute, Bath, to its present position of influence and usefulness. We have said enough to show by what strenuous endeavors the system was introduced and maintained; by writing, lecturing in various parts of the country, but chiefly by the publication from time to time of his manuals and reading books of phonography. Amongst his early converts were John Bright, T. Wright Hill, father of the postal reformer, James Montgomery, the poet, and T. Hepworth Dixon, while the late Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Ellis was associated with Pitman for a time in promoting phonetic spelling. At first Mr. Pitman set up his books with his own hands, read proofs, kept his own accounts, and conducted correspondence. He has printed the Bible, and many good books in phonetic type. At the Phonographic Jubilee celebrations in London, in 1887, he was presented with a fine marble bust of himself from the phonographers of Great Britain. In his reply for this kind gift, he said, "My object in life has been to make the presentation of thought as simple of execution and as visible to the eye as possible." When we think how shorthand has been recognized by the highest educational authorities, how much time, and therefore money, it saves in practice, and how our modern newspaper is so far a creation of such a system, no one can say that Isaac Pitman has lived in vain.—*British Workman.*

ISAAC PITMAN.

A POSSIBLE CASE.

BY H. HOWARD PEPPER.

John Drowne is a young man of moderate income, living in the town of Williamsville, Rhode Island. He has a wife and two children.

The Baptist church there, of which they are members, had long needed a new organ. The choristers found that they could get one, on the instalment plan, for eighty-five dollars and the old organ. There were no funds in the church treasury, so the Ladies' Benevolent and Social Circle agreed to raise the necessary funds. They found that, by paying cash, they could save ten dollars. While it might be well to pay the pastor's salary on the instalment plan, they thought it unwise to use that method in paying for the new organ. A committee of five was appointed to raise the money by subscription, and Mrs. Drowne was made chairman of the committee. Mr. Drowne gave her seventy-five cents, and she contributed twenty-five cents from her own weekly allowance. This, they thought, was all they could afford to give.

After trying for three weeks to raise the money by subscription, the committee reported to the Circle that they had raised but fifteen dollars; and it was finally voted to have an "orange tea," as a means of raising the balance, the same committee to have charge of it.

The "tea" consisted of a supper of baked beans, cold meats, and orange short-cake. A musical and literary entertainment followed the supper. Orangeade, candy, cake, pop-corn, and fancy articles, were for sale in booths with orange-colored trimmings. Mrs. Drowne had charge of the supper. Besides soliciting much for it, she contributed a pot of beans and a loaf of angel-cake. The children sent two dozen corn-balls. Mr. Drowne, who always took an active interest in whatever his wife undertook, made two pounds of caramels for the festival.

The ladies cleared about sixty dollars, which, with the fifteen dollars raised by subscription, paid for the organ.

While returning from church a few Sundays after the festival, and discussing the merits of the new organ, Mr. Drowne said to his wife, "Lizzie, how much did we give toward that organ?" She replied: "Why, you gave seventy-five, and I gave twenty-five cents."

Nothing more was said on the subject until after lunch, when Mrs. Drowne found her husband with pad and pencil in hand, carefully studying the family account book.

"Why, John Drowne!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing? Don't you know what day it is?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I'm trying to find out just how much that organ cost us; and, as near as I can reckon, it's about four dollars."

"What! Why, John"—began his wife, very much surprised.

He interrupted her, and said, "Well, you listen while I call off." And he read as follows:

Subscriptions to new organ	$1.00
Four tickets to Orange Tea Entertainment	.60
Four suppers at " " "	1.00
Ice-cream and cake	.50
Candy	.25
Orangeade and corn-balls	.17
Loaf of cake	.50

"There," said he; "that is all I can find here. Is there anything else?"

"Yes," said his wife; "you ought to reckon:

Cost of one pot of beans, contributed	.10
" " one loaf of cake, "	.25
" " corn-balls	.05
" " caramels	.30

"How much does that make in all?" said Mrs. Drowne. "Four dollars and seventy-two cents," replied her husband.

Just then the bell rang for Sunday-school, and Mr. Drowne with the children hurried off. Mrs. Drowne did not go that afternoon, but stayed at home to think over what had been revealed to her since the morning service.

When the family were seated at the supper-table, Mrs. Drowne brought up the subject of the morning again, in the following manner:

"John, I've been thinking of that organ a good deal this afternoon, and I find that the figures given this noon don't cover all the cost. You remember that I was sick all the next day, that you had to go to work without breakfast, and that we had Emma Simms here for two days to help with the work? When you come to reckon everything, I guess it will be nearer five than four dollars. It has taught me a good lesson. We ought to give our tenth, and then, when solicited, give from that."

John thought so too, but said, "You would not charge the money spent for our suppers, ice-cream, etc., at the church festivals, to the tenth account,—would you?"

"No, of course not," she replied; "but when I am asked to make something for a benevolent object, instead of making it, I can go to our tenth, and give from that."

John, who liked this plan of direct giving, heartily consented to lay aside each week a tenth of his income for the Lord's service. Mrs. Drowne was also to set apart a tenth of her weekly allowance. This, they decided, belonged to the Lord. What they gave besides was charity.

When Mrs. Drowne made her report to the Circle, for the committee, she also made a statement of what the festival had cost her family, directly and indirectly, also mentioning the plan which they had proposed to adopt. It is needless to say that the ladies present did some very hard thinking that afternoon.

Two years have passed since that meeting. Many of the families in that church now have their tenth account. No baked-bean suppers, pink teas, or the like, are now needed to raise the pastor's salary or paint the meeting-house. The church gives more, proportionately, for benevolence and missions, than any church in the state, and is the only church in the county that closed the year without a deficiency.—*Sunday School Times.*

YOUNG TEACHERS.

The Canada *Presbyterian* has this to say in regard to the employment of young teachers:—"The proposal of the Minister of Education to raise the age at which certificates can be granted from eighteen to twenty-one throws a ray of light on Sabbath-school work. If children should not teach children in the day school, much less should they do so in the Sabbath-school, where religious experience is needed in addition to knowledge. One of the chief difficulties that an efficient superintendent has to contend against meets him at this point. For some reason or another many teachers think that when they begin to get up in years they should leave the Sabbath-school. People in middle life who have never taught think it too late to begin. By sheer necessity a superintendent is often compelled to take teachers that he knows have not the requisite experience. But what can he do? It is very easy to stand aside and repeat the phrase 'children should not teach children.' The child who tries to teach may not be doing first-class work, but he is doing better work than the cynic who does nothing more than stand and repeat a phrase that a parrot could repeat equally well."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

Why do we heap huge mounds of years
Before us and behind,
And scorn the little days that pass
Like angels on the wind?
—MRS. D. M. CRAIK.

"WHAT WAS THAT?"

"WON'T WHITNEY."

Queer name for a boy, I admit, but you will be interested in hearing how he came by it His mother named him Arthur, and he must have been about ten years old before the name "Won't," found him out and clung to him. They were having a grand snow fight, four against four, taking turns systematically, and having a regular bombardment; suddenly one of the four to which Arthur belonged gave a little squeal, and put both hands to his head. Arthur was bending down at the time, gathering a ball of the soft snow; he looked up quickly. "What was that?" he said. "Some of you fellows put ice in your snowball; that isn't the thing, you know."

"Never mind," called out the leader of his side, "Burt isn't hurt much. Stop your yowling, Burt, and take your turn; don't stop to talk, Arthur; they are one ahead now."

"All right," said Arthur, aiming with great skill the ball he had made, "only I won't play with fellows who throw iceballs; there's danger in them."

"Are you afraid of 'em?" asked his captain, with the slightest possible curl of his lip.

"Of course I am," said Arthur. "I'm always afraid when there's anything to be afraid of. My father says he has known iceballs to do life-long mischief, and that is reason enough for being afraid of them."

Two minutes afterwards his own captain threw an iceball which struck his opposing captain's ear, and gave a stinging blow. Arthur had his ball ready to send, but lowered his hand. "Look here," he said, "let us understand one another. Are we to have a fair game or not? I want it understood that I won't play ball will boys who throw ice."

"Seems to me you are rather free with your 'won't's'" said the captain, who for some reason felt cross that day. "If you belong to my company you will do as you are told."

"That's all right," said Arthur good-naturedly "only I want to be understood. If there is another iceball thrown by our side I won't belong to your company. My father doesn't approve of that way of playing, neither does professor Barrett, and you know it."

"Bow wow!" said the captain, though what that had to do with the argument I do not think he could have told. He was so foolish in a very few minutes as to send another ball, made almost entirely of ice, with a thin coating of snow. Arthur saw him make it, heard the outcry of the boy who was hit, and dropping the ball he had ready, walked away, whistling. In vain they shouted after him that it was not fair; in vain they remembered that he was the best shot they had; they had lost him!

"I said I would not belong if you sent another ball of that kind," he answered to their calls, "I thought you know I meant what I said."

From that hour began his nickname.

"Oh! he won't come back," said Burt Hunter; "he's as obstinate as a cat; when he says he won't, he won't."

How the boys teased him! They shouted after him, "Does your mother know you're out this cold afternoon?" They offered him bits of silk to tie up his ears; they brought a little white mitten about large enough for the cat, and begged him to put his dear little nose into it, so it would not get hurt with a snowball.

To all of this Arthur replied only by good-natured laughs. In the course of time the boys forgot to tease him, or rather they found that it did not pay, because he was so unconcerned about it, and he became as popular as ever. Only his old name "stuck," as the boys say. In truth it was often on his lips. "I won't do it." "I won't go." "I won't have anything to do with you fellows, in that case," were sentences which became so common that at last it grew to be generally understood what could and could not be expected of "Won't" Whitney. The years passed, and the boys of Ward school No. 5 were far separated. One day in an Eastern town two rather lonely boys sat in their rooms in the fourth story of a large boarding school. They were new scholars and a little homesick.

A knock was heard at the door of one room, and the other boy, listening, could hear parts of a conversation. Presently came the words:

"No boys, you needn't coax me; I'm obliged for the invitation, and for your good intentions, and all that, but we may as well understand one another from the beginning, it will save trouble. I can tell you now, just as well as at any time through the term, that I won't have anything to do with any such schemes as that. I came to school to study and to have as good a time as I could get and keep the regulations; and I won't if I know myself, and I think I do, enter into any fun of any sort, kind or description, which is contrary to rules."

Before the astonished leader of the five boys who waited could make any reply, the door of the next room opened with a bang, and the voice of the other new scholar said, "If that isn't Won't Whitney out here, then my name isn't Burt Hunter."

"Halloo, Burt!" and, "Hurrah for Won't!" said both boys at once, and shook hands as heartily as young fellows will, who have not seen one another in three years.

"His name is Arthur," explained Burt Hunter to his roommate next day, "but we boys used to call him 'Won't,' because he was as bold as a lion and as set as a stone wall. When he made up his mind he could say 'I won't' every time, no matter who coaxed him; and he's the same old chap still. I heard him last night telling what he wouldn't do, just as he used to. "There's one thing I'll say for Whitney," added the boy, musingly, "his 'won't's' are always on the right side—the side a fellow wishes he had been on when he gets home and in bed, and thinks of his mother. I've made up my mind to train in his company, and if I were you I'd give up that little plan you were telling me about and 'fall in' with us. We'll have no end of fun, trust 'Won't' for that; he's a great fellow for fun, and never gets into any scrapes. I'll tell you what it is, I believe a whole lot of 'Wont's' with backbone to 'em would make a big difference in this school. I've only been here a week, but I've discovered so much. I don't know as I would have thought of it if Won't Whitney hadn't come just at the right minute; but as it is my mind is made up. What do you say to our getting up a W. O. N. T. Society?—*Pansy.*

THE SLICED BOY.

BY REV. J. F. COWAN.

"What in the world shall we get him? I can't think of anything that will please the boy since he has so many toys."

"I don't think it ought to be so much a question of what will please him, any more as what will do the youngster the most good. There are so many things he needs to learn about. This is a big world—let's see, how would some game of animals do? He needs to know more about animals."

"Yes, about one little animal in particular, that he should be at work trying to tame. I know that you will say 'for shame, Henry;' but, really, he is the most selfish, piggish—there, I won't say another word; get him the sliced animals if you want to." And the lady stood at the counter of the toy store while her brother purchased the articles mentioned; then they both walked away.

I think someone's ears would have burned had they overheard all that was said, but the someone for whom the toy had been bought was just as much delighted with it as though he had been called "a dove" or "an angel." He put the slices together into bears and cows and buffalos and cats, insisting that no one should do it but himself, and even crying and kicking when little sister but touched one of them, and pushing into confusion all the results of his own work because a slice of the tiger could not be made to fit on the legs of the kangaroo.

"What did I tell you?" whispered his aunt, plucking his uncle's sleeve; "I could pick out several slices that would make an animal just like ——."

"Sh —— ! what would it be?" laughed the gentleman.

"Why, a slice of the pig, a big one; then the most restless part of the tiger, the growling section of the bear, and ——."

"Sh ——, he's listening."

And this ended the conversation, because the party most interested had evidently overheard the allusions to himself.

"What are you saying about me!" he demanded. "I heard you talking about slicing me!"

"Go to bed now, and never mind; we're not going to slice you up to-night. May be you could dream of some slices that might be put into a boy of your size, and a better boy be the outcome. Good night."

I don't suppose, really, that Howard Landers knew that "outcome" meant the new boy that would "come out" of putting some new slices into himself, but I don't think it could have been studying over this, altogether, that muddled his brain and brought such queer ideas into his head. It may have been the impressions made by his new play—the pictures left on the retina of the eye, distorted and changed by his dreams—that still danced before him. Anyway he just kept right on slicing animals and putting the slices together, and he kept on having the same trouble to make them fit. Only the animals seemed to have two legs instead of four, and wore hats and shoes.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded of himself, as he set out a pair of saucy, bold black eyes, and tried to fit a mouth and chin to them. "This one has too much smile, and I don't think it belongs! It looks just like little Benny Brewster when he says: 'I don't care, Howard, you can have my place in the play if you want it.' Oh, here's a mouth just like Ned Tolman's when he bosses and makes you stand around. Now what kind of hands and arms do I want? Let's see, these hands are clean, finger nails and all, that don't look right. I'll put these warty black ones on; then the jacket elbows are out, too, and that's more the kind of a boy I'm making. Hello! I don't want blacked shoes in this one. The one with the pockets bulged out will be it, of course; that's a get-all-you-can-and-keep-all-you-get pocket. Hello! I hadn't noticed that his knuckles are bleeding. Been fighting, like as not. And there's something streaming down the corners of the mouth, too. Hello! he's done, but I don't like his looks. If the slices would only mix, but they won't. Hello! I've seen that fellow before—Hello! if it isn't—yes, it is me with some things that belong to some of the other boys. That isn't right. I must try it again."

And then Howard went at it again, to try to satisfy himself better. But every time he tried he found that only slices of a certain kind would go together; Benny Brewster's pleasant face with Ned Tolman's chapped and rough hands and take-all pockets were a misfit. The more he tried it the worse it worked, until he came to another resolution. "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'm just going to take the best things and put them into one boy, and see what sort of a fellow that will be."

While Howard was fumbling the cards, trying to pick out the right ones and in the right order, he noticed something that he had before overlooked, though he now remembered it had been one feature of the sliced animal cards—letters on the left hand which, when arranged in proper order, spelled the name of the animal completed.

"Hello!" he suddenly exclaimed, "H, that's the first letter of my name." And then he noticed that after the big H were smaller letters—u-m-b-l-e. He looked for an O next, and there it was again, the mouth that he said looked like Benny Brewster's; "b-l-i-g-i-n-g," it read after the O. He hurried around for a W, and when he had found a good broad pair of shoulders that looked as if they could bear a great deal of other people's burdens the W was there, and so were "a-r-m-h-e-a-r-t-e-d." And so he found that the A, with its lusty arms and neat but strong hands stood for "Activity," and the I for "Indolence" wouldn't fit at all. The R had "i-g-h-t-m-i-n-d-e-d" after it, and the D "u-t-i-f-u-l," and so on all the way through.

"Hello! I like the looks of that fellow. I guess ——"

I don't know what stopped the game; maybe it was the call to breakfast, but anyway a certain boy came down to the breakfast table with something shining in his eyes, and he looked as though he had not made up his mind whether to tell it or not. But it just wouldn't keep in, and so Aunt Eunice was surprised with, "I've found out something."

"Indeed! what is it?"

"Why, boys are in slices, too."

"Yes?"

"And only the same kind of slices fit."

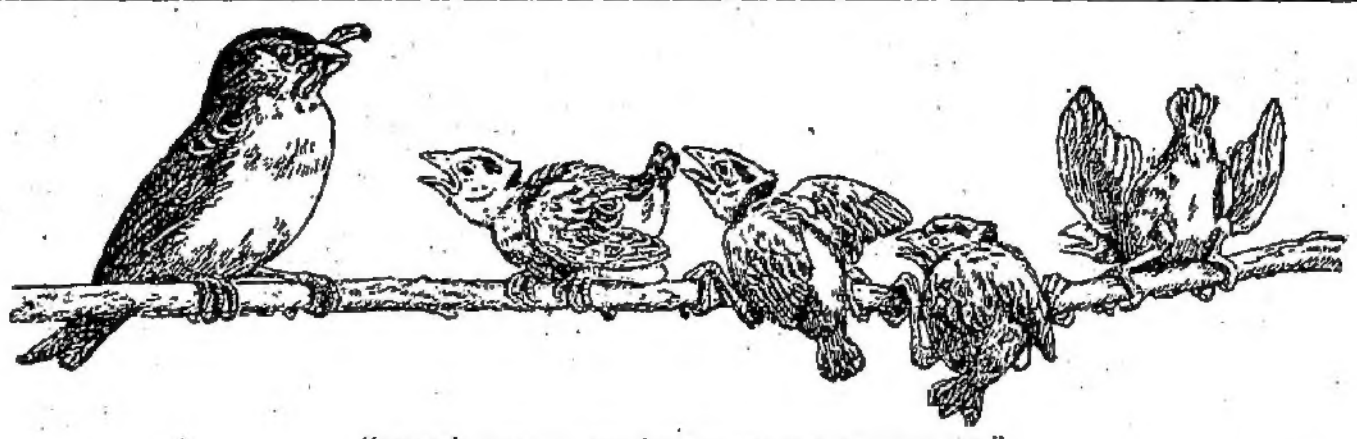
"To be sure."

"And you want to get the good slices all through, or you've spoiled it, and ——"

"You can get them, I'm sure, Howard, dear; you're learning ever so much from your game, I see."

"Oh, I guess I dreamed it," said Howard; "but it's all just as true."

And I think myself that it is.—*Christian at Work.*



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWIXT THE CUP AND THE LIP."

[For the MESSENGER.]

THAT PICNIC DAY.

BY GUSSIE M. WATERMAN.

"It's a pretty big cross, to have to stay at home when there's a Sunday-school picnic," Mabel Dunn was saying to sister Lou, as the pair watched the buggies going along past Sim Jaynes's wheat piece; going over to the Graves Farm, where the picnic was to be.

Mrs. Dunn had left out a plate of frosted cakes when she packed her basket, also some bits of chicken and a gooseberry pie; and the little girls meant to have a feast by-and-by when uncle Charles came back from cultivating corn at the south end of the Dunn claim.

"Mine's bigger!" Lou declared, her fat, smooth face wearing a bit of a frown. "Just because I've had the scarlatina, and mother's 'fraid folks'll think I ain't clear rid of it, 'n somebody'll catch it, I have to stay home!"

"You might take cold, and have a collapse, wasn't that what auntie called it?"

"I don't care! I just feel ugly to think of them girls having a lovely time over there, swinging in the barn and eating 'mong the trees, don't you, Mab? 'F I could have stayed alone, you might have gone, 'n told me all about it; but I don't b'lieve mother'll remember every single thing! Course they had to have mother 'n all the women to fix things; but I do wish she could have stayed home too, 't wouldn't have seemed half so bad!"

"Well," said Mabel cheerfully, "it's hard of course; but we must bear it as well as we can. We'll think of poor little Bessie Ames having one good time playing beanbags in the grove. They haven't got one tree on their place, and we've got five!" Mabel looked out complacently on the five shiny cotton-woods, rustling and waving in the July breeze. "And she'll have nice things to eat, 'n so will Hetty and Tommy Grigg. And won't Lola Aiken enjoy wearing her new lawn dress and plaid sash! Oh, my!" Mabel almost cried at thought of Lola's finery, remembering her own blue and white dress hanging in the closet. She had planned so much about this very picnic ever since auntie had finished the dress, and dreamed of the beautiful groves over on the Graves Farm, and the tiny lake, and the splendid peacocks in Mr. Graves' yard. It surely was hard to be obliged to stay at home with Lou. "But Lou couldn't go, anyway," thought Mabel, bravely, "and she couldn't stay alone, either; she'd be running out in her bare head half the time! I'm three years older, so I can take care of her, and I mean to, and I won't wish anything I ought not to!"

So she brought out Eliza Georgina, and Matilda Sophia from their cradle box under the bench lounge, and amused Lou by cutting out wonderful paper bonnets trimmed with chicken feathers in which the dolls took journeys to and fro in the house. Jackets and gowns were made and re-made, and when the girls were tired of such play, Mabel got her paint box and painted huge pansies on the side of the dolls' box. By-and-by, after uncle Charles had eaten dinner with them, and gone out to work again, Lou spied a double buggy away on the road by the school-house.

"It's Mrs. Cramer, 'n she's got old Mrs. Cramer, 'n two other women, an' they've got lots of red lilies! Why, they'll be awful late! They're coming here, Mab." Lou smiled from her window as Mrs. Cramer reined in her horses at the door, and called out to Mabel, "Come, come! neither of you children at the picnic, now that is a shame!"

She sprang nimbly down as Mabel explained matters, and came in, her face full of kindly sympathy.

"Now, look here! I'll stay here with Lou and you may dress and go with grandma and the ladies. You'll have two or three hours to see the fun and play with your schoolmates. I'm sure your mother won't care!"

Mabel sprang to the closet door and seized the blue and white lawn, then she suddenly stopped and thought hard for a half minute. Then she shut the door, and turned to Mrs. Cramer, speaking very quietly and firmly. "It may be all right, ma'am, but mother gave me the care of Lou till she came home, and I think it'll be surer and safer for me not to go; but I thank you very much for your kindness."

"What a thoughtful little creature you are!" laughed Mrs. Cramer, as she kissed the girls and went out.

Mabel and Lou felt very sober the rest of the day, sometimes wondering if they really should have done as Mrs. Cramer wished; and sometimes trying to "puzzle out" the problem of their not being able to go to the picnic when every one else could go.

What glad little maidens they were when they heard father and mother coming at last! Mabel laid her hand on Mrs. Dunn's shoulder and told her everything.

"Mightn't she have gone, mother?" Lou cried, "'t wouldn't have been wicked, would it?"

"She did right to do just as I told her, dear. I am so glad that I can depend upon you, Mabel. Now for news. There's to be another picnic next week in the very same place, and I think that both of you may go to that one."

"Swings in the barn the same?" cried Lou, "and croquet an' everything?"

"Just the same, games and all," said mother. "Mrs. Perkins is getting up the picnic for some nieces who are coming to visit her. Uncle Charles will take you, and you will have a pleasant day, I hope."

Two little girls danced joyfully over their bedroom floor, when the great yellow moon came up in the clear eastern blue, and Mabel said as she spread out her pretty dress on the big trunk, "Oh, I'm gladder an' gladder that I didn't go this afternoon! Something might have gone wrong an' I'd have been sorry I didn't stick to my task. Stickin' to it's best, Lou, let's always remember that, won't we? And we'll have all the better time next week."

LIBBY PRISON.

It was Wednesday afternoon. The scholars were having a short vacation. Little Naneen had sent a dainty note of invitation to the boys and girls of her acquaintance to come and spend the afternoon with her and stay to tea. This was a great pleasure to her playmates, for Naneen's sweet, unselfish ways and bright happy face made them all love her dearly. Besides all this, it was Naneen who knew so many fine stories and enjoyable games, her stock seeming as unlimited and fresh as if never drawn upon.

The children had passed a busy, happy hour or two indoors, playing quiet house games suggested by the little girl's fertile imagination, when her quick eye discovered that some of the boys began to grow restless. She proposed that they all go out in the yard and play a new game: "Prisoner's base." She said the yard should be divided into two parts, the children into equal companies, each company to have possession of one-half the yard. Each side should have a prison in about the centre of the ground. The game was to run on the side belonging to the other company, and if caught on that side they were obliged to go to prison, and stay there until rescued by some one of their own company. If one of their own side should run and tag them, while in prison, before being tagged themselves, they were free. The side which caught and kept the most prisoners beat. It was a new game to all the children, and they entered into it with a great relish.

"Let's call it 'Libby Prison!' shouted Harry Snow, who had been studying about that famous Southern prison. So the name forthwith became Libby Prison. The game was very exciting, and Naneen looked and listened almost as excited as the eager players themselves.

"There! you're a prisoner, Harry Snow; I tagged you, and you've got to go to prison."

Harry was tagged and he knew it, but he laughed carelessly and answered.

"Don't be too sure; you might get mistaken, Mollie."

Too deeply in earnest to notice what she did, Mollie quickly crossed the line on the enemy's side to explain and assure Harry that she had captured him. At that moment Tommie Brick, who was on Harry's side, rushed up and tagged Mollie.

"You're a prisoner, Mollie," he cried, gayly; "take her to Libby Prison, Harry."

"But that's not fair; I tagged Harry, and he ought to have gone to prison then," she answered.

Mollie was a good-natured girl, and although she felt as if it wasn't justice under the circumstances, she went rather than quarrel. In the meantime Harry was feeling uncomfortable, as anybody will if they stoop to cheat.

Lillie Mason tagged him, but he had cheated once, and he was excited, and determined his side should beat, so he pretended he didn't think he was caught, and, as there was no one that had noticed, his impetuosity gained the day. The more he cheated the more excited he got, and began to show himself very quarrelsome. Just as matters were getting in a pretty bad state, Grandma Dimon came to the door.

"Harry," said she, "will you take Naneen up a little lunch? I fear she is faint by this time."

Naneen had seen from the window how badly the game was likely to end, and had devised a plan, if possible, to save it from such an unpleasant close. By the time Harry had reached the little girl's room with the tiny tray of toast and a glass of rich milk, he had cooled considerably.

It was always pleasant to wait upon Naneen, and no one ever seemed to be in a hurry to leave the little cripple whatever the attractions might be elsewhere. Naneen welcomed him with a bright smile, and both were soon gazing intently out of the window, following the game with deep interest.

"There! Tommy did tag Lillie!" ejaculated Harry.

It was plain enough that Lillie had been tagged, but she began to discuss quite hotly about it. After considerable delay and not a few angry words Tommy decided to let Lillie off this time. Mollie was rescued, and the tide of battle seemed to turn in favor of Lillie's side. Both children at the window said little, but watched the game closely. Every little subterfuge or attempt at cheating seemed so different to Harry when witnessing it in others. He had been able to tolerate it in himself a few moments before, but now he felt within him the contempt it deserved. Presently, he withdrew from the window.

"I am going down," he said, abruptly.

Naneen read his thoughts, but she only said;

"I wish you would ask Lillie Mason to come and sit with me a few minutes."

Harry went down two steps at a time and soon rejoined the children at their play. Greatly to Naneen's satisfaction she saw him, after a few moments' explanation, take his stand in the prisoner's base, on the other side.

"There is nothing like seeing ourselves as we see others," thought Naneen, shaking her curly head wisely as Lillie entered the room.

By this time, Lillie had witnessed, with increasing disgust, some of the little cheating ways that were occasionally practised by the excited boys and girls, she burst out, impulsively:

"Well, I needn't say anything, for that's just what I did, but I won't do it again, for now I see how mean and hateful it is."

Naneen smiled gently and said:

"I knew you wouldn't if you saw it from the window as I did," then added: "Please ask Charlie Stone to come up and stay a while with me."

Lillie's eyes opened very wide.

"O, Naneen," she half-whispered, stopping to kiss her affectionately, "you are our good angel. I should always be good if I lived in the same house with you. I'll send Charlie right up and let him see himself as I saw myself."

Naneen's little plan succeeded. Most of the boys and girls who had cheated had a good chance to see how their unfair actions must look to other eyes. As they went homeward late that afternoon many were the sincere, honest expressions of shame at the way they had played their game.

"I know one thing," said Harry, emphatically, "hereafter, beat or not, when I play a game I play fair. I used to cheat at croquet last summer, and that was the reason I used to beat you so much, Tommie."

"But it isn't really beating when you cheat," said Joe. "I always think of that when I am tempted to cheat, and then I think I'd rather be beaten than to take what isn't mine, and the game isn't mine, of course, when I cheat."

"As Naneen said this afternoon, 'it is a good thing to see ourselves as others see us,'" said Charlie.

"I tell you, fellows," remarked Tommie, his lips quivering a little; "it would do us all good to think of, not only how other people see us, but of how Christ sees us."

There was a thoughtful silence, then Joe said:

"There's lots in that, Tom, for what might seem only a little wrong, or even right, to others, would seem so different to him."—*Belle St. J. Pearson, in Presbyterian Observer.*

A LITTLE GIRL ON CONVERSION.

"You've been converted?" she said at last.

"Have I?" said Reuben; "I don't know. I don't even know what the word means."

"I do; Miss Hunter told me. She said there were two sides to it; God had one side, and folks the other. God called to people, asking them to belong, you know; that is his side. Then they said either 'I will,' or 'I won't'; and that is their side. And she said even God couldn't do anything for them so long as they said 'I won't,' because he had promised, himself, when he made them, that they should have the right to decide things for themselves, and that was their side. Then she said just as soon as they made up their minds to say 'I will,' he put new feelings into their hearts, so that they wanted to do right, where they hadn't cared, or hadn't thought anything about it; and all at once they knew that the thing they wanted most was to follow the Lord Jesus, and please him. And she said that new feeling in their hearts was called 'being converted,' and there wasn't anybody else who could do it only just God; and I know you have been converted."—*Pansy.*

A GENTLEMAN in Buffalo, N. Y., many years ago promised his nephew $5,000 if he would neither chew, smoke, drink nor gamble until he became of age. The conditions were agreed to, and after the death of the uncle, the executor having refused to pay the claim, the case was tried in court, and finally decided in favor of the nephew.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

Among temperance men, living or dead, no man has done more for the cause than Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Total abstinence, especially on this side of the Atlantic, is fashionable now, but in the days not very long gone by it was laughed at by a large majority of otherwise sensible people, and its advocates were thought little better than lunatics. But his championship was then just as vigorous as now. The following short sketch of his career from the *Abstainer's Advocate* will be read with interest.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson was born on September 4th, 1829. His father was well-known for his Christian simplicity of character, and his mother was a sister of the late Sir James Graham, the eminent statesman. The late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, fearing the contaminating influences of public school and unreformed university life, had his sons educated at home, thus enabling the present baronet to say, when he is asked where he received his education, that he never had any. Under a clerical tutor Latin and Greek and other subjects were carefully studied. The classics were for years his favorite study, and following the hounds a favorite recreation. For many years Sir Wilfrid Lawson was master of the foxhounds.

"The member for Cockermouth justly describes himself as an 'old Parliamentary hand.' In 1857 he made an unsuccessful attack upon the Tory stronghold of West Cumberland, and in 1859 was returned for Carlisle along with his distinguished uncle, Sir James Graham. With the exception of about three years he has retained a seat in Parliament ever since. His maiden speech in the House was in favor of the Ballot when it was called a fad.

"It was in October, 1861, that Sir Wilfrid Lawson made his first appearance at the Annual Meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and his speech upon that occasion may be taken as a preface to the hundreds of speeches he has since delivered upon the subject. He then said:

"I for one am prepared to support the principle of the United Kingdom Alliance. I take that principle to be that the people are the best judges of what is for their own interest. I think they know better what is their good and what is their wants than any set of magistrates that ever existed. And thinking so, believing that the people of this country know the evils of the liquor traffic, and are desirous of putting a stop to them, I look upon the movement inaugurated and supported by the United Kingdom Alliance as the most important—by far the most important—political movement of the day."

"From this opinion Sir Wilfrid has never swerved. In 1864 he first introduced the Permissive Bill, when 294 voted against and 37 voted for it. The 37 for, with three pairs, were facetiously termed the forty thieves. Eight other divisions were taken upon the Bill, of which the most favorable was in 1870, when 115 voted for, 146 against. In 1879 he proceeded by resolution which was defeated, but subsequently carried in 1880, 1881 and 1883 by majorities of 26, 42, and 87. While no measure giving effect to that principle has been passed, Sir Wilfrid has had the satisfaction of seeing the liberal party adopt the popular veto as a plank in its platform, and the House of Commons recently adopt the Second Reading of the Welsh Veto Bill.

"In 1860 Sir Wilfrid married a daughter of Mr. Pocklington-Senhouse, of Netherall, and has five children. The eldest son has already fought one political battle and we trust he will soon get a seat in Parliament. The eldest daughter married the Hon. Arthur Holland-Hibbert, son of Lord Knutsford, showing that difference in politics is no bar to family ties.

"Sir Wilfrid Lawson is an abstainer of long standing. Some years ago Mr. Cavendish Bentinck wrote asking if he gave wine to his guests. He replied by saying he did not like to refer to so unpleasant a subject as himself, but as he was asked the question he must answer it, and his answer was no. He added, "Now that I have told you this I expect you will shun my house as you would a plague spot." When Mr. Gladstone dined at his London residence with a number of M.P.'s two years ago, no intoxicants were given. On one occasion Sir Wilfrid declined to open a Liberal Club when he found intoxicants were to be sold in it. As president of the Wigton Agricultural Show he offered to double his subscription if the Committee would decline to allow intoxicants to be sold. He steadily refuses to support any candidate for Parliament who is not favorable to Temperance legislation. As a consistent and persistent worker the President of the United Kingdon Alliance is a good example to the whole of the members of the Temperance army."

As a temperance advocate Sir Wilfrid Lawson must be heard to be fully appreciated, but an extract or two from his addresses will be enjoyed by all. With regard to food or physic he says, "People have been heard to describe strong drink as food, but did they ever know of a relief committee that distributed strong drink to the starving poor, instead of bread or soup? Others spoke of it as a medicine, and he had heard of a teetotaller who had at one time thought it desirable to keep a little in the house, in case of sudden illness, spasms, or something of that kind, but he afterwards gave that up as not quite consistent with his principles as a total abstainer; strange to say, since then, not one in that house has ever been troubled with spasms."

Here is how he deals with "pure beer," "There was a friend of mine in the House of Commons this afternoon, who said, 'When will this debate about Sunday closing be over?' I said, 'Why, are you in a hurry?' and he replied, 'We have a bill about pure beer.' I said, 'If you mean to have no alcohol in it, it's all right.' We don't understand, and don't believe all this talk about adulteration, because Sir William Gull, one of the greatest medical authorities we ever had, said, in his opinion, alcohol was the most destructive agent known to the faculty. If anybody can find out anything more destructive than what is the most destructive, he is a cleverer man than I am."

With regard to the subject of local option, he says, "In 1883 we got another resolution passed, and made them say it was urgent that the people should be granted this power of protecting themselves; but they have a very curious idea of urgency in the House of Commons. They remind me of two men in Ireland. One called out, 'Hullo, here's a man in the bog;' the other asked, 'Is he far in?' 'No, not far,' was the answer. 'Let him be then,' said the man.' 'But,' shouted the other, 'he's in head first.' I say we are in head first, and I think the House of Commons was right in saying it was an urgent question, and has been wrong in not having attended to it long before."

What is sauce for the goose, Sir Wilfrid believes is sauce for the gander. Speaking of his old friend, Mr. Bass, he said "he had seen that in an Oxford debating society, the question was asked, 'Who was the greatest benefactor of the age?' and it had been carried, by the majority of the votes, that Mr. Bass was. Mr. Bass had brought in a bill that barrel organs should not play where people did not want them. The bill provided that one person in the street could order the poor Italian to stop his grinding and go. Well, if one person in a whole street were permitted to remove a man who was playing a barrel organ, whilst all the rest were in rapt admiration, were two-thirds not to be permitted to remove Mr. Bass's barrel?"

"You know," he says on another occasion, "in the country you very often see a notice-board stuck up, 'The game on this estate is strictly preserved.' All I want is a notice-board put up in a certain borough, or parish, 'The people in this borough, or parish, are strictly preserved.' Lord Cairns, one of the ablest lawyers we ever had, declared the drink-shops were 'Nothing more than traps and pitfalls for the working men.' If the working men do not want 'traps and pitfalls,' let them have the notice put up, 'No poachers admitted here.' What harm would come? Do you think you would all be dying of thirst, like people in the Sahara? Not a bit of it; for there are lots of good landlords who have already put up this notice, and the people, instead of groaning and moaning, and becoming watery and thin, are as happy and jolly as they can be, and, instead of saying the landlords are tyrannizing over them, they thank them for being so kind as to make the neighborhood a pleasant sort of place for them to live in."

"The extraordinary thing," he points out "is that our naval and military forces, speaking roughly, amount to thirty millions a year, and that is just what we raise from selling drink, and so we get thirty millions for killing people abroad by poisoning people at home. It is a horrible system, and I am dead against it."

"SOMEBODY PAYS."

A druggist in one of our large cities said lately, "If I am prompt and careful in my business, I owe it to a lesson which I learned when I was an errand-boy in the house of which I am now master. I was sent one day to deliver a vial of medicine just at noon, but being hungry stopped to eat my luncheon.

"The patient, for lack of the medicine, sank rapidly, and for some days was thought to be dying.

"I felt myself his murderer. The agony of that long suspence made a man of me. I learned then that for every one of our acts of carelessness or misdoing, however petty, some one pays in suffering. The law is the more terrible to me because it is not always the misdoer himself who suffers."

This law is usually ignored by young people. The act of carelessness or selfishness is so trifling, what harm can it do? No harm, apparently, to the actor, who goes happily on his way; but somebody pays.

A young girl, to make conversation, thoughtlessly repeats a bit of gossip which she forgets the next moment; but long afterward the woman whom she has maligned finds her good name tainted by the poisonous whisper.

A lad, accustomed to take wine, persuades a chance comrade to drink with him, partly out of a good-humored wish to be hospitable, partly, it may be, out of contempt for "fanatical reformers."

He goes on his way, and never knows that his chance guest, having inherited the disease of alcoholism, continues to drink, and becomes a hopeless victim.

Our grandfathers expressed this truth in a way of their own.

For the lack of a nail the shoe was lost,
For the lack of the shoe the rider was lost.
For the lack of the rider the message was lost.
For the lack of the message the battle was lost.

Our blindness to the consequences of our short-comings is a merciful provision of God. Who could look composedly upon the rank outgrowth of all his vice or folly from childhood to middle age?

But though we do not see it, we do well to remember that it is there; and to remind ourselves at the beginning of every day that each careless act, each unkind word in it, will be paid for, not by us, perhaps, but in the want or pain of some one —*Youth's Companion.*

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Three things enter into beauty—fine features, color and expression. The features, the forms of brow and nose and chin, bequests, coming often from far ancestors; our colors, too, are in the main bequests, depending on the quality of tissue and of blood, the more immediate parents give it; but expression is very largely our own affair. And, even with good features and the clearest colors, expression is the best part of beauty. The play of thought and will and feeling on the face—of noble thoughts, firmness, self-control, and pure, unselfish, gentle feelings—we can secure if we will. Ten years of habit, three years, or only one, will affect expression much. Some one said that "Every face ought to be beautiful at forty," and another that, "No old person has a right to be ugly, because he has had all his life in which to grow beautiful." That is to say, life's opportunities of nobleness, or even forty years of opportunity, if well used, are enough to make so much within that it can not help coming through the surface in graceful habits of the nerves and muscles. The transfiguration of a pleasant smile, kindly lightings of eyes, restful lines of self-control about the lips, pure shinings of the face as great thoughts kindle inwardly—these things no parent makes inevitably ours, and no fitful week or two of goodness gives them, and no schooling of the visage either, but only habitual nobleness and graciousness within; and this will give them all.

Splendor from within! It is the only thing which makes the real and lasting splendor without! Trust that inevitable law of self-expression. Be, not seem! Be, to seem. Be beautiful, and you will by and by seem so. Carve the face from within, not dress it from without. Within lies the robing-room, the sculptor's workshop. For whosoever would be fairer, illumination must begin in the soul—the face catches the glow only from that side. It is the spirit's beauty that makes the best face, even for the evening's company; and spirit beauty is the only beauty that outlasts the work, the wear and pain of life.—*The Bombay Guardian.*

ANDREW CARNEGIE'S ADVICE.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in addressing a class of students at a business college in Philadelphia, recently, closed his address thus: "To summarize what I have said: Aim for the highest; never enter a bar-room; *do not touch liquor; never endorse* beyond your surplus cash fund; make your firm's interest yours; break orders always to save owners; concentrate; put all your eggs in one basket and watch that baskot; expenditure always within revenue; lastly, do not be impatient, for, as Emerson says, no one can cheat you out of ultimate success but yourselves."

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